THE WEIRD PIANIST

Eccentric De Pachmann Tells a Reporter of His Eventful Life.

Plays Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" as None Other—Romantic Life and Acquaintance with Masters.

Josephine Meighan, in New York Advertiser.

One day about three weeks ago I was sent to interview Vladimir de Pachmann. He is known to be a very hard man to find, and I went first to Chickering Hall, where he was giving a concert that day. The immense hall was crowded. De Pachmann sat at the piano, his short, white fingers dancing over the keys, his head bobbing and nodding from side to side and his face distorted by the most extraordinary grimmaces.

The programme being finished, the house broke into tremendous applause, and after sundry grins and bows the performer disappeared through a back door and escaped me. I inquired at the office, and an obliging soul with blonde hair hunted up the musician's address.

Next day at 12 noon I presented myself at the address. It was a small house on a fashionable uptown street, flanked by towering apartment houses. A pleasant-faced Irish girl opened the door, and when I asked for Mr. De Pachmann gave me an amused smile.

"He's not up yet," she said, looking very much ashamed of her sleepy master.

"Well, do you know what time he will be up?" I asked.

"Sure and I don't. He do be so tired after his concerts."

So I took some lunch and waited for the slumbering pianist to wake up. At 1 o'clock I returned. He was still in the arms of Morpheus. The girl blushingly admitted this fact, and said kindly:

"Couldn't you call some other day? He is going to Boston to-morrow and won't be back till the next day." I thought if he was going to Boston I had better catch him then, so I waited until a howl from upstairs announced that somebody wanted his breakfast. Then my card was sent up. There was a rushing of feet back and forth, a raising of voices and the loud banging of a door, and Mary Jane, somewhat flustered, appeared to say: "Mr. De Pachmann is very busy packing to go to Boston and cannot see you."

I wrote a note asking for a few minutes' talk, and with fear and trembling the maid mounted the stairs. The door opened, an indignant voice screamed: "I to travel one hundred miles. I have a cinder in my eye. Say it nicely—very nicely," and the door banged closed.

After this pathetic message I temporarily retired, but four times again I besieged the De Pachmann boarding house, each time bearing a card explaining my business—that of an "interviewer," plain and simple.

THE COVETED INTERVIEW.

At last I saw him. I was ushered into a parlor on the second floor of the little house, and just as I had seated myself and glanced at the roses in their tall glass jar the piano and the piles of musical magazines, which, he says, he never had time to read, De Pachmann appeared in the doorway.

He is a little man, stockily built, with a big head and thick hair parted in the middle. His features when in repose are not unlike those of Anton Seidl.

He stood in the doorway rubbing his hands together and smiling in so rapturous a manner that his eyes were only two gleaming lines in a mass of wrinkles.

"Is this just a charming visit, or do you come on business?" were his first words. Just fancy such a question to an enterprising newspaper woman who had been hunting for professional purposes for a week. I had no reply to make, nor was it indeed necessary, for he at once seated himself primly on the lounge and rolled his eyes. "I am not well," he said, and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up his face was wreathed in smiles. "I have so much to do and between the climate and the concerts I am tired, oh, very tired. But what can I tell you? You are very kind to come; sit there. Let me give you this blue pillow—oh, you like the red one best? So!" and placing the red cushion at my back the little musician stepped back to servey me and clapped his hands with childish pleasure. "Now we can talk." He talks well, but he thinks and feels more than he can express. His ideas run away with him, as it were. He is overflowing with enthusiasm and sentiment and he can express his rapture by gestures and sighs better than in words.

De Pachmann was born in Odessa, Russia, forty-five years ago, and is the youngest of thirteen children.

"My mother was married when she was fourteen. Only this tall," he said, laughing, and measuring with his outstretched hand about four feet from the floor. "She was a Turkish girl and her father was a count and Governor-general of Russo-Turkey. My father was twenty-four then, and he was a well-known musical dilettante. He lived for many years in the same house with Von Weber and Beethoven, and when he taught me to play Beethoven it was as the real Beethoven had played it, not as it is played now. That is why when I played the 'Moonlight Sonata' in Boston last week the people rose in their seats and called 'Again! again!' They had never heard it played just as Beethoven meant it should be played. Now, see——" and with a hop, skip and a jump the eccentric pianist rushed to the piano, and, leaning tenderly over the keys, his head on one side, his eyes screwed up half closed and his lips drawn into a most extraordinary grimace he played the soft, sweet prelude of the sonata.

THREE CLASSICAL NOTES.

"It is played much quicker now and not pianissimo, as it should be," he cried; "now these three notes should be soft and sweet, the middle one even sweeter than the others. What shall I call it—a charming little rose between two thorns?

"It makes me very jealous, indeed," he continued, "when I think of my father living, talking, eating and drinking with Von Weber and Beethoven. Why was I not born sooner? Why was I not the comrade of those great men?" All this he said with clasped hands over his head and while smiling ecstatically.

"Think of my father," he continued, "living 'en garcon' with Von Weber for years. Von Weber was seven years older than my father and he was always sick. He had a lame leg, and lay on the sofa while young De Pachmann had to buy the medicine and wait on him. Then they would drink beer and smoke and play. Is not that quaint?"

De Pachmann's idol is Liszt. "Ah, what greatness, what genius," he cried, covering his face with his hands. "No one will ever play again like that." And, raising his eyes to heaven and waving his arms above his head, he cried: "He is there, there, far above us; he will never be equaled; no one can reach him, even to touch the hem of his garment. Ah, how he played. I was at the conservatory in Vienna when he played for charity before the Emperor and Empress, the court and thousands of people. The piano was hung with laurel wreaths and the tall chair in which he sat was covered with roses. When Liszt entered, clad in his long, black robes, his hair shining like a crown of silver on his head, the Emperor and Empress rose and bowed, and the Emperor, taking Liszt's hand in his, led him to the piano. He played the concerto in A. Ah, how he played. His long, thin hands moved over the keys and you were in the heart of the tempest, the thunder rolling peal on peal, the wind howled, the rain fell in torrents, everything was black. Then the rain came more gently, softly, down, down, until it pierced into the earth and awakened the flowers, and they opened their eyes and came up, sweet and fresh, and the sun shone, the wind ceased, all was green and fair—the storm was gone. Oh, it was sublime." And, completely overcome by his emotions, the musician seemed oblivious to his surroundings. He seemed ready to follow the storm and the wind to the regions whence Liszt had called them. Then, turning around a solemn, pained face, he said gently:

"That is why I never play the concerto. No one has a right to play it; it is too sacred, played as it has been. I once heard some one play it—a great musician, too—without heart, without any conception of its meaning. I left; I was crazy; I should have killed him if I had stayed." And the glowing and impassioned voice were almost alarming. Then he smiled.

"No one can play like Liszt, but even to understand him is something," he said. "All that he played is here in my heart, never to be effaced. I cannot hope to ever reach him, but I can remember. I am modest; I am satisfied to be just an admirer—just one little, humble admirer like this!"—and De Pachmann placed one hand about an inch above the other to demonstrate his significance in comparison to Liszt.

SELECTION FROM SCHUBERT.

He loves Schubert, too, and, sitting down to the piano, he leaned over the keyboard, his head almost touching the keys, and began Schubert's "Impromptu." Every touch of his fingers called a new expression to his face. At the soft, sweet notes he closed his eyes and smiled; then putting his head on one side he lifted slowly one eyebrow and then the other and screwed his mouth up. Suddenly, as the tempo changed, he frowned, and his whole face grew black and forbidding. His fingers were playing on two sets of notes—one were keys which made music, the other were emotions, every one of which was immediately reflected in the face of the player.

When he had finished he rushed into another room and returned grinning and bowing, carrying a china dish of white grapes. Whisking them over my head he set them down before me and said: "Do eat. You are lonely? Well, I take one, too. Some one sent them to me this morning. But I can eat nothing. I am all alone here; I am like a widow," and he shook his head sadly. "My wife is married again, and my two children are with her in England, but it is better so. I am so busy I could not take care of them. They are boys; one is nearly eight and the other is six years old. The elder has musical ability. He remembers everything. When I play something for him and he can—but listen." And my erratic host flew to the piano and played the prelude and a few bars of something from Mozart.

"I played that for him," he continued, "and he repeated it exactly, like this, with three fingers of each hand, note for note, as correct as possible. He asked who wrote it, and I said 'Mozart,' and he replied that he did not like Mozart. 'He makes childish music,' he said. Ah, think of that! At seven years!" And De Pachmann laughed until his eyes gleamed with tears.

He was telling me about his friend Rubinstein, now sixty-five years old, and explaining the difference between the great pianists. He himself disavows a great love for Chopin, although his reputation has been built on his playing of Chopin's music. He likes some of Chopin, but some things he thinks are "horrible." Beethoven, Liszt, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner—and Chopin in certain things are his favorite composers, and he loves them with an ardor which nothing could equal.

As I left him he stood bowing, smiling as only he knows how to smile, and rubbing his hands. Some people have called him the "mad pianist." He is certainly very peculiar; probably the music has driven him mad, affecting him as it does, each note showing in his face and causing him pleasure or pain, but he is a wonderfully interesting madman—or genius.

PROBING A SCANDAL

Further Testimony Concerning Josiah Quincy's Doings.

His Relations with Horace Kenny—Some of the Witnesses Closely Questioned by Senator Manderson.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The printing committee of the Senate this morning resumed the investigation of alleged irregularities in the printing contract for the Patent Office Gazette. The first witness was Morton Bailey, assistant to Horace Kenney in his various enterprises. Senator Manderson took a hand in the examination. Mr. Bailey, in response to a question, said he had been a private secretary and business manager for Governor Washburn in Minnesota and had come to Washington in the latter part of November, 1892. He knew Kenney in August, 1892. The National Lithographing Company, the National Economist and the American Industries all paid a part of his salary. He knew he had been announced as the general agent of the National company, but did not know his name as such was on the letter heads or envelopes of the company. He meant to say that Mr. Quincy had no interest or stock in any of these companies. The relation between Kenney and Quincy was purely that of friendship. Mr. Quincy had lent Mr. Kenney money. Witness never addressed Mr. Quincy in relation to indorsing paper for either of the companies for Mr. Kenney or for himself, but knew that Quincy indorsed Kenney's note for $5,000. He had seen to its being discounted and, in part, paid. It was not all paid. He did not think that a dollar went into the lithographic enterprise that had come from notes indorsed by Mr. Quincy. The witness here recalled a second note indorsed by Mr. Quincy. He thought Mr. Quincy had nothing to do with any of the vouchers of the company, except the first vouchers, of which the proceeds went to the account of the National company, and he was not aware that Mr. Quincy got a cent of the proceeds of this voucher.

Mr. Bailey had seen and consulted Mr. Quincy perhaps a dozen times, usually outside of the State Department. He remembered Mr. Marvin saying to him on one occasion when witness complained of bad drawings that they (the company) were relying on their "pull" to hold the contract. He had replied that their only "pull" was the determination of the commissioner that they should have fair treatment in doing the work. He might, he said, have made foolish threats when mad. He did not recollect ever having gone to Judge McCammon to identify him at a bank to secure payment of a note indorsed by Quincy.

George W. Evans, disbursing officer of the Interior Department, testified as to the presentation of the first voucher of the National Lithographic Company.

First Controller Bowler next took the witness chair. Senator Gorman requested a statement from him of the circumstances of a visit from Mr. Quincy. He said that Mr. Quincy had come to him some time in 1893 to ask him as to the form of contract proper for this work. He had replied that that was a matter that he thought properly lay with the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Quincy then further asked about the form of bonds, and he had sent to the files and had brought former bonds for him to inspect. Some weeks afterwards Mr. Quincy had come to him to say that payments had been refused on the National Lithographic Company vouchers on account of irregularity in the contract, although the work had been done. Mr. Bowler had replied that if the work had been done payment could be made under the exigency clause, as for open market work. He had directed that disburser Evans be written to to this effect.

Senator Manderson elicited the information that Mr. Bowler thought this exigency payment extraordinary, and that he had addressed the Interior Department for that reason, saying that they ought to have the contract perfected, and that he had no information as to the determination of the Interior Department that this was an exigency, except what he learned from Mr. Quincy. Informally, Senator Manderson said in a semi-jocular way that this was a case where the Interior Department seems to have failed to determine, and the Department of State, through its Assistant Secretary of State, had stepped in to determine it.

Ex-Auditor Day, who was present as Mr. Quincy's attorney, here asked that Mr. Bowler be asked if he had done anything for Mr. Quincy that he would not do for the president of the company. Mr. Day insisted that this question should be put, in view of the fact that a question had been put in such form as to reflect on the man for whom he appeared.

Senator Manderson said: "If any further questions are to be asked here by attorneys that reflect upon my questions either he will leave the room or I will."

Mr. Day attempted to say something further when Senator Manderson said: "I don't want you to pass strictures upon my questions and I won't have it."

Senator Gorman interposed to say that questions it was desired to have asked must first be submitted to the committee in writing.

Mr. Bowler, when the question was put to him, said the influences of a request from an honorable man of official position upon the mind were subtle and hard to define.

Daniel Frazier, manager of Norris-Peters Lithograph Company, unsuccessful bidders for the Patent Office Gazette contract, was the next witness. His testimony developed little that was new. The committee then adjourned, subject to call.

Big Street-Railway Contract.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—The Nassau Electric Railroad Company of Brooklyn has made a contract with W. A. Boland, of Boston, to construct one hundred miles of street railroad through the city and suburb towns. The contract calls for the completion of half of the system by July 15 and the remainder before the end of the year. The company is capitalized for $12,000,000, and the cost of construction is expected to be a little less than that amount. R. T. Wilson, of New York; Congressman Tom Johnson and A. L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and P. H. Flynn, of Brooklyn, are the principal capitalists interested in the new railroad.

Elk Trustees Removed.

COLUMBUS, O., March 17.—Grand Exalted Ruler Apperly, of the Order of Elks, has removed the grand trustees, A. C. Vanderlip of Boston, P. J. Campbell of Baltimore and Joseph Loup of Richmond, Va., for calling the annual meeting at Atlantic City, when he ordered it to be held at Jamestown, N. Y. It is probable that delegates representing a large majority of the lodges will meet in Atlantic City and elect officers.

IN MILADY'S BOUDOIR

Cozy Corner That Every Refined Woman of Leisure Demands.

Custom Once Affected Only by the Very Rich Now a Fad of All Society Maids and Matrons.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The boudoir is a French idea of comfort to which Americans have taken latterly. Boudoirs are now planned for in the architecture of the rich very generally, and in houses already built the women of the family pre-empt rooms whenever they can for their own personal use.

The literal translation of the French word is "private room." With the American woman it is a "visiting room," the sacredly personal spot in the house where no one intrudes without invitation, where she may wear negligee dress and in all its ease dream away her leisure as she likes, enjoy the solitude needed at times by every human being, write her letters and read her magazines, and, if she will, receive her intimate friends in an intimacy and sincerity almost impossible elsewhere to society women.

Not long ago few outside of the "swell" women had "boudoirs" recognized as such. The idea savored so much of elegance and luxury that it was considered the birthright of a fashionable fad. Now, however, many an artistic girl fixes up a pretty little place next her sleeping apartment and dubs it "boudoir," and in very modest houses whose mistresses have but a stray spare hour of the day for "withdrawing" and rest there is a curtained alcove or a "contrived" corner with little personal touches and small luxuries that answer the same purpose, and wittingly or unwittingly the spot has an artistic appearance, and by general consent is sacred to its owner's use and seldom, if ever, invaded.

One of the most famous boudoirs among fashionable women is that of Mme. Mendonca in Washington. It is en suite with her sleeping room and dressing room, divided by archways hung with heavy crimson silk curtains. The curtains at all the windows are of the same rich material and the carpets glow with the same full color.

On the walls hang many oil paintings rather stiffly placed in long rows, as in picture galleries, but the effect is rich and stately. Her husband has a famous collection of paintings, estimated at a quarter of a million dollars, and some of the finest pieces hang in Madame's boudoir. In between the two windows is placed a great mirror that reflects the richly framed pictures and deep tones of the furnishings. Easels with paintings stand about; rare books lie on the tables, and there is always a great, gorgeous bowl of flowers. Here Mme. Mendonca serves chocolate and receives all but her formal visitors. Madame, who is a decided brunette with olive skin and splendid black hair and eyes, is nearly always gowned in a soft robe of old rose and black or black and gold.

MISS LEITER'S BOUDOIR.

Another famous boudoir in Washington is that of Miss Leiter, the great belle and beauty. It is en suite with her sleeping room, and the curtains between are of the palest pink corded silk. Against the walls, in a dainty figured paper, are hung exquisite etchings and photographs of her friends and there is a group or two of "favors" and souvenirs.

At right angles to the fireplace is her writing desk, filled with all that mass of silver paraphernalia that seems necessary to the fin de siecle woman. One end of the sizable room is filled by a great old-fashioned mahogany sofa with spacious back and arms and piled with cushions.

The large table always holds the late magazines, the new books and all the things that women usually amuse themselves with during the morning hours. There is just a delightful suspicion of the dressing-room about this most comfortable boudoir, for on a long, low table is laid a gorgeous dressing-case, with all the toilet articles in repousse silver. Here her best friends are received in the morning and Miss Leiter is as charming as a Watteau shepherdess in her pink and blue crepes. At 5 o'clock, when there is no large reception going on, she frequently serves tea here to a host of girl friends.

The second Leiter daughter has also her boudoir, not so elegant, perhaps, but very pretty and sunshiny, with its upright piano, its dainty pictures and its curtains and divan of satin.

In New York a notable society and literary woman who receives in her boudoir is Mrs. Spencer Trask. Mrs. Trask is something of an invalid this winter, and the maid is directed to bring certain people up to the boudoir. The walls are almost hidden by work shelves. A large, open fireplace takes up nearly one end of the room, the great logs piled high on brass dogs sending dancing lights all over the room, and creating an air of luxurious comfort. A huge divan warms its silken cushions near this fireplace.

On a mahogany dressing table are all the elegant conveniences of the toilet. On the center table one will invariably find red roses. As a rule, Mrs. Trask has a red rose tucked away somewhere about her bust or waist. Here, usually in an exquisite gown of white crepe, with a train fully a yard and a half long, and deep sleeve ruffles of the most exquisite lace and a long-stemmed crimson rose pinned on her breast, Mrs. Trask will serve you a cup of amber tea or chocolate, with a cracker and an olive. The gown another day may be a pink crepe, but it is sure to have the same exquisite open, falling sleeves and old lace, the same long train and the same red rose.

JULIEN GORDON'S RETREAT.

Julien Gordon's "boudoir" in her New York house is upholstered in yellow, and has Louis XV furniture, dainty statuettes and beautiful paintings. The recent fire at "Idlesse,' her Long island country home, destroyed great riches of literary souvenirs and rare books. Mrs. Cruger is generally gowned when "taking her ease" in some French combination of black and red.

Yet perhaps the most interesting boudoir for many would be one I saw yesterday belonging to a young woman who goes out a good deal into society but has very little money to spend. She fixed her boudoir unaided, using for it simply "what she had;" and doubtless most of the "individual rooms" that so many women have taken to creating for themselves are made in the same way—simply by grouping together for comfort one's personal and favorite belongings. This boudoir opened just out of her sleeping room, and her doorway was half hidden by a Japanese screen in black and gold. A long, low mahogany table covered with a fine linen hem-stitched cloth held her toilet articles. A divan over which a portiere was thrown was crowded with self-made silk and madras cushions. A few soft chairs were piled with more cushions. On the wall were hung German favors and groups of photos; over the mantel was a pair of tennis rackets, a whip and a pair of spurs, a gun and six loons' skins, with their feathers, that she had shot on the lakes the past summer; these, with their pretty black and white feathers, were laid flat against the wall. A souvenir hanging from the mantel was an Indian scalp belt that had been given her when she was the guest at a Western fort last year. From this belt hung—instead of scalps—several score of dance cards. A low, dark table held her saucers and cups and samovar on it, with a cracker jar. In another corner stood her piano, and over it were grouped many Chinese curiosities brought to her by a sojourner in Cathay.

But, as I have said, most boudoirs have a luxurious dressing room touch, and quite naturally, for they are used in an easeful way as dressing rooms. When a woman gets from her bed and takes her bath she likes to slip on her quilted slippers, her silk petticoat and a soft "matulle," with no corsets, and have her coffee and her roll, and in easy costume to read her letters, go over the morning papers and answer her invitations. It is her lounging room, and almost the only place for mental recreation, if so be she is a responsible and hard-pushed society woman.

Development of Big Head.

Major Handy, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A man who has a really great head seldom gets the big head. The big head never developed in Mr. Cleveland until he reached the second station on the road to the presidency. When he was doing such good work as Mayor of Buffalo he thought of nothing beyond. In 1880 he turned out with the boys, torch in hand, and paraded the streets with the boys who went to Cincinnati shouting for Tilden, and came back shouting for Hancock. His head began to swell in Albany, and was dead ripe after he had been a year or two in Washington, which reminds me of a story. Dan Dougherty, the great Democratic orator, worked hard in the first Cleveland campaign, only to be snubbed a year or two later and given to understand, as Randall and Manning were, that Mr. Cleveland did not consider that he owed anybody anything in the matter of the presidency.

One day, meeting Mr. Dougherty, at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, in Philadelphia, I said: "Well, Mr. Dougherty, what do you think of Cleveland now?" "Think of him?" he said, drawing himself up to his full height and speaking in his most dignified and impressive manner. "Think of him? Why, sir, he reminds me of a Hindoo idol, sitting there with downcast eyes and folded arms, contemplating his own abdomen and thinking it is the center of the universe."

THE THREE AMERICAS.

A Worthy Enterprise, Opening New Paths to Our Manufacturers.

New York Mail and Express.

The noble six-storied Goelet building, covering an entire square on Lexington avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, is now occupied by the Pan-American Company, which is about to open its six and a half acres of floor for a permanent commercial exhibit of the labor products of the three Americas, in order to stimulate an active commerce between this country and those southward. The enterprise so commends itself to our manufacturers that from many of their number applications for floor space have already been received by the company in advance of a formal opening on the 1st of May. Full samples of what the Latin Americans can furnish our market in raw material, of what they need and we can supply and of what Europe supplies them in manufactures with which we can successfully compete—these will be displayed at the Panamerican Company building, with constant additions in exhibits of any and all new labor products as they arise, in order that the whole continent below the Canadian line may present its resources for barter under one great roof, so that a visitor from any one of the Americas may with catalogue in hand discover just what his market especially requires and on what floor a given line of exhibits awaits his inspection.

In order to insure a practical display the Panamerican Company confides not simply in the manifest zeal of North American and Latin American dealers, but will have its duly accredited agents, experts in business lines, assigned to different jurisdictions over the continent for the purpose of making constant examinations and reports of the needs and resources of such markets, for the especial information and service of the company's patrons.

The company proposes to open new gates to commerce, to discover and announce new opportunities, but will not act as a commission merchant, nor receive any compensation as such for the important service it will render to its patrons, whose payment for a moderate rate per square foot for exhibit space will command a like advertising space in this company's trade journals in two languages and the entire service of the company and its agents at home and abroad in affording needful information and bringing the purchaser in direct intercourse with the manufacturers or commission merchants. The enterprise is similar, to but of broader compass than, those of Brussels, London and other European centers, where exhibits in promotion of an export trade have largely served to further that object.

The company, moreover, will establish branch sample rooms at different South American locations in order that consumers there may readily discover the merits of our manufactures. Here in New York our manufacturers, even of the Western cities, will have at the Panamerican Building what is practically an Eastern office or sentry-box for their better survey of available commercial fields.

As a necessary adjunct to the enterprise there will be a bureau of information, already well equipped, concerning demands for specified products, reports upon freight rates, prices, duties and credits, standing of foreign buyers and proposed public improvements to which our private enterprises may under contract contribute labor or material, and what localities best invite the emigrant or investment from the United States.

The company will issue a monthly trade review in English and Spanish, and a weekly trade bulletin in English. These will be distinguished both for their practical value and true literary excellence.

The managing directors are gentlemen thoroughly familiar with South American countries. The provisional president, John R. G. Pitkin, was our recent United States minister to the Argentine Republic; was one of the original organizers of the American Industrial and Shipping League, was commissioner-general of the "three Americas" exposition at New Orleans in 1885 and was selected by President Harrison, by reason of his long study of South American conditions, to sit for the United States as one of the commission of ten in the international American congress of 1889, of which honor, however, his health then forbade his acceptance. Mr. Pitkin is a native of New Orleans, La., and till his departure thence to enter upon diplomatic duties in 1889 had been conspicuous in his connection with economic questions relating both to South America and the Mississippi valley. In December, 1888, the presidents of fourteen banks, of nine insurance companies, of the Cotton, Produce and Stock exchanges and of the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor, journals, numerous lawyers, judges, wholesale merchants and cotton factors and many other responsible citizens of New Orleans, as also the Supreme Court of the State, paid a notable tribute to Mr. Pitkin in a memorial recommending his admission to President Harrison's Cabinet "as a citizen in whose integrity we can unhesitatingly trust and in whose ability we have every confidence." In this expression the bankers and merchants of other Southern cities largely joined. Willard P. Tisdel was formerly manager of the Roach steam line to Brazil and also of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and is thoroughly conversant with the needs, leading business folk and languages of South America. Messrs. William Harper and George Muellierro have long been actively identified with the lines on which the Panamerican Company is now making a rapid stride.

William Elery Curtis, who will have immediate charge of the company's publications, has been closely identified with what is known as the Panamerican movement, and is recognized as an authority on Latin-American affairs. He was a member of the South American commisison which began the agitation for new markets on the southern hemisphere in 1884; was the author of the law passed by Congress authorizing the meeting of the International American Conference, and the executive officer of that body; was the author of the original reciprocity amendment to the McKinley tariff bill submitted to Congress by Mr. Blaine, and participated in the negotiation of the commercial treaties concluded under its provisions; was the founder and until recently the director of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, and chief of the Latin-American department of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Active interest has already been illustrated, prior to the opening in early April of the company's floor space of 250,000 square feet, in numerous applications, covering 70,000 square feet, by American manufacturers for territory for the display of their labor products; parties in Mexico will maintain an exhibit at an annual cost of $20,000, and advices from other Latin countries denote an earnest purpose to co-operate to the end of energetic intercourse.

JEALOUSY OF A MONARCH.

He Was Jealous of the Talents of His Subjects.

Youth's Companion.

After Emin Pasha had learned of the fall of Khartoum and the conquest of the Soudan by the Madhists, he gave up hope of being able to defend the equatorial province with the force at his disposal. To rescue the Egyptians who garrisoned the various posts was now his first duty, and he began to make his plans for a march to the sea. The only practical route appeared to lie through the kingdom of Unyoro, which bounds the province on the southeast. Accordingly, he sent his medical officer, Vita Hassan, with valuable presents of ivory and other things, to the king of the country to obtain permission for the passage of the troops through his dominions.

This African monarch, who was named Kabarega, though in outward appearance a mere savage, showed that he possessed some of the qualities of a successful ruler.

Among the presents sent him was a little box which had come from Mambettu, a country in the extreme western part of the province. When the king noticed that it was made of a single piece of wood he was very much pleased with it, and asked the envoy whether he thought his subjects were capable of imitating such work.

"I answered him," says Vita Hassan, "that the Wanyoro had no experience in such work to do it as well as the Mambettu, who were skilled in fashioning out of a block of wood the most varied and difficult objects. In a really artistic manner they are able to make dishes, plates, bowls, stands and even Turkish jugs with their long and crooked necks.

"The Wanyoro, on the other hand, understands the preparation of skins. This is their specialty, as wood working is that of the Mambettu. My words aroused the jealousy of Kabarega, and he counted on his fingers to five and then said: 'On this day,' pointing to the fifth finger, 'come here again and I will show you whether or not my people can make a box like this.'

"On the fifth day the Wanyoro had succeeded, under the most frightful threats of the King, in manufacturing a similar box of perhaps even better construction. Full of pride, Kabarega showed it to me with the words: 'What use is it being a king if I cannot get my subjects to make everything which I wish?'

"'But what if you desire something which is beyond their ability or their knowledge?'

"'There is no need of that, for I have not lost my head. I shall never bid them fetch me the moon, but if it is a thing which is not beyond our power I cannot permit that they should give up at the first difficulty.'

"For a negro king this seemed to be very reasonable, and I bowed my assent."

ACTRESSES' ECONOMIES.

Making the Most of Some Very Limited Comforts.

Nebraska State Journal.

"You have no idea," said a young actress, "how thankful we are for the mild weather. You know," said she, "that on the road—I mean when we travel from city to city—we go to hotels, and the tariff does not include fire. The extra charge for that is high, and an awful tax on a small salary, so we girls are up to all sorts of schemes to save on that item. Sometimes we double up; go two in a room and go halves for heat. Sometimes we try to go without fire and catch fearful colds.

"I have often sat in the warm hotel parlor nearly all day, and as soon as it got dark gone to my room and lit all the gas burners and took the chill off that way. Often I have, on my way home from the theater, bought a bundle of kindling wood and had it nicely wrapped and made a nice blaze to eat my little supper and go to bed by.

"The hotel keepers are very sharp and are up to almost every dodge. If you do order a fire you must generally ring for the man every time it needs mending, for he is seldom allowed to leave a scuttle of coal in anybody's room. If it was left, why, one could abstract some and save it to start a fire next day, or keep the same in two days, only being charged for the one ordered. I have, however, kept a fire in two days. Every time the man fixed it I would take off all the coal I could and lock it up in one of the bureau drawers, and use it as needed, managing to keep the room fit to live in. It would not have been quite right, but I am a light eater, and I thought that what they saved on food I'd take out in coal. I have carried a small oil stove lately, and that is a very good idea."

Making the Portrait Old.

Washington Letter.

Speaking of portraits reminds me of a queer fancy indulged in by a well-known old gentleman who lives in Georgetown. When he was quite young he married a beautiful girl, and their married life was one dream of happiness and bliss. But, alas, the wife died when still in her youth. Before her death her husband had her portrait painted by a celebrated artist. On every anniversary of her death he has had the same artist take the portrait and repaint it, making it one year older. He is an old man now and so is the artist, and hanging in the parlor, where first hung the portrait of the young girl, is the painting of an old woman, which he claims would have been the likeness of his wife had she lived to this time.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

Indianapolis Union Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time.

TICKET OFFICES at Station and at corner Illinois and Washington Streets.

TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:
*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

FROM INDIANAPOLIS TO	LEAVE	ARRIVE
Columbus, Ind., and Louisville	*3.35 am	*11.00 pm
Philadelphia and New York	*4.50 am	*10.15 pm
Baltimore and Washington	*4.50 am	*10.15 pm
Dayton and Springfield	*4.50 am	†10.15 pm
Martinsville and Vincennes	*7.45 am	*5.05 pm
Richmond and Columbus, O.	†8.00 am	†3.20 pm
Madison and Louisville	†8.05 am	†5.50 pm
Logansport and Chicago	*11.15 am	*3.[illegible] pm
Dayton and Columbus	*11.45 am	*9.00 am
Dayton and Springfield	*3.00 pm	*12.45 pm
Philadelphia and New York	*3.00 pm	*12.45 pm
Baltimore and Washington	*3.00 pm	*12.45 pm
Columbus, Ind., and Louisville	3.30 pm	*11.05 am
Knightstown and Richmond	†4.00 pm	†8.50 am
Columbus, Ind., and Madison	†4.00 pm	†10.15 am
Martinsville and Vincennes	†4.00 pm	†10.45 am
Pittsburg and East	*5.10 pm	*11.30 am
Dayton and Xenia	*5.10 pm	*11.40 am
Logansport and Chicago	*11.20 pm	*3.25 am

VANDALIA LINE.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

From Indianapolis—	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Accommodation	†7:30 am	†7:40 pm
St. Louis Fast Line	*11:50 am	*5:00 pm
Trains 21 and 20	*12:55 pm	*2:50 pm
Terre Haute Accommodation	†4:00 pm	†10:00 am
Evansville Express	*11:20 pm	*3:35 am
St. Louis Express	*11:20 pm	*4:40 am

Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on night train.

Sleeping and parlor cars are run on through trains. Dining cars on Trains 20 and 21.

CH&D

Best Line to Cincinnati.

For any information call at City Ticket Office, corner Illinois street and Kentucky avenue.

Trains arrive and depart from Union Station as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*3:40 am	*1:00 am
Cin., Toledo and Detroit	*8:50 am	*10:55 pm
Cin., Dayton and Detroit	†10:50 am	†7:40 pm
Cin. Vestibule Limited	*3:05 pm	*11.50 am
Cin., Toledo and Detroit	†6:30 pm	†9:20 am

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

The Peddler Wanted to Fight.

Yesterday morning, as Garrett Vanblaricum, a farmer of Wayne township, and wife were sitting in their buggy on Washington street, between Mississippi and Missouri streets, they were accosted by Michael Donohue, a potato peddler, who asked Vanblaricum to buy of his goods. Being unable to make the sale, Donohue became angry, and called Vanblaricum vile names, and the two at once came to blows. Sergeant Stout and patrolman Dilts happened along and arrested the two. Vanblaricum was released on bond. He is one of the foremost citizens of Wayne township.

Beat the Weinerwurst Man.

Last night John Morton and Thomas Hayes bought two weinerwursts of two men at the corner of Illinois and Washington streets. When asked for payment they set upon the weinerwurst men and frightfully beat them. They were arrested by patrolmen Koons and Irish on a charge of assault and battery.

In Jail for Carrying a Weapon.

Yesterday Alfred Perkins, a resident of Southport, was fined $3 and costs and sentenced to serve eight days in the jail by Justice of the Peace Graydon, of Southport for carrying concealed weapons. He was brought to the county jail last night to serve his sentence.

Another Charge Against De France.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 17.—Sheriff Schneider, of Mt. Clemens, is here with a warrant for the arrest of Stonewall J. De France, the alleged forger, who is now on trial. The complainant is the wife of Eddie Mines, a widely-known character. She charges De France with stealing $600 worth of diamonds from her last fall.